



ROSY-WINE.

A New Song

THE wanton god that pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wounds with rosy-wine,
*Rosy-wine, rosy-wine, who bathes the wounds
with rosy-wine.*

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd;
Sure the squeamish fops are free,
To rid me of dull company, &c.

They have charms, whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my ease;
No jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest, &c.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain:
All I ask of mortal man,
Is to love me whilst he can,

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The A N S W E R.

THOU art my heart and soul's delight,
Therefore your lover do not slight;
But let your smiles be always free,
When I enjoy your company.

Thou art the only one I love,
And from thee I will never rove;
But to the end will constant be,
If thou'lt but love as I love thee.

When I behold your charms, my dear,
You fill my heart with joy and fear:
Your frowns to me are almost death,
Your smiles revive, and give me breath.

O let no fears possess my mind,
When you're approaching to be kind;
My fears will then begin to cease,
And joy in me will much increase.

But when you've granted my request,
I shall eternally be blest'd;
That is, that you would marry me,
And dwell in love and unity.

